

UNIVERSITY
OF
TORONTO

FALL 1975

Graduate



Inside: Letters from Erasmus / Is the University a bad neighbour? / Homecoming!



As Graduate writer
Sheila Robinson Fallis
has discovered,
when the University's
your neighbour,
it's like being

In bed with an ELEPHANT

Forty-nine years after deciding it needed a new athletic building, the University of Toronto finds itself embroiled in a controversy which has seen its judgments, its intentions and even its integrity called into question. And the first brick for the new building has yet to be laid.

Part of the reason for the delay has been the University's neighbours who have objected to the building on the grounds that the University is expanding unnecessarily and that the building itself will be another massive concrete pyramid dwarfing the houses in the area. They object to the city granting the University a bylaw exemption to exceed the normal density.

Until about six years ago the University dealt only with the City when it wanted an exemption to build. Generally the city was amenable to treating the University as a special case. The University is, after all, one of the biggest landowners in Toronto, and it does have a certain prestige. And Universities are often regarded, rather like the Church, as one of society's 'good' institutions.

But attitudes are changing, as the University found out when it finally announced plans last year for its new athletic complex to be built on the corner of Harbord and Spadina. And nowhere have attitudes changed more than in the University's own backyard.

There are three neighbourhoods which actually border the campus. Sussex-Ulster is on the west side of Spadina; the Annex is north of Bloor St.; and Huron-Sussex is west of Huron St. and north of Harbord. The University usually refers to Huron-Sussex as "the north-west campus," and it daves many of the residents into a rage every time it does so.

The residents' groups in the three neighbourhoods have pressured the University into modifying the original plans for the athletic complex. A certain amount of money-saving modification would probably have been made anyway, but it was still a victory for the residents in what has become an on-going war against University expansion.

Jack Dimond is a graduate student. He is also part of the University administration, dealing with city/University relations. Dimond has acted as principal liaison between the University and the communities throughout the athletic complex debate, so when he discusses the antagonisms which have risen over the issue he picks his words carefully and delivers them in measured tones:

"People are much more interested in talking about university expansion in general than about the athletic building. The athletic complex fight is not on its merits as an athletic building, but as a symbol of university building in general."

Jack Dimond is no doubt correct in his assessment. By and large the residents admit the University needs the new facilities. Nor do they quibble at the University's right to build on the chosen site. What they do quibble about is the University's right to get special permission from the city to contravene by-laws; the University's right to erect a building which will affect the aesthetics of the area because of its mammoth size; and the University's right to expand its facilities in the core of a city where residential neighbourhoods like theirs are being squeezed to death.

"The real issue is and was the long term future of these communities."

The athletic complex fight, then, is just one indication of the problems which continue to exist between the University and its neighbours.

Nobody feels comfortable living next to a giant, as Canadians should know better than most, and the University, which houses within its boundaries a community the size of Kingston, is certainly a giant. What's more, to the dismay of the people who live around it, it can't seem to stop growing.

In 1956, the University whetted its appetite by swallowing a 26-acre clunk of land bounded by St. George, College, Spadina and Harbord Streets. During the early sixties it gobbled up much of St. George

gradually in voices loud and demanding enough to be heard by both the media and the city's so-called reform caucus, why the University seemed to have a "God-given right to expand wherever it wanted."

Although there was a lot of talk by aldermen and newly formed community groups about the unseemly behaviour of the University, little was done to control its growth. Higher education had not lost its lustre, and the public, by and large, still believed the University had to expand somewhere if it was to be an efficient instrument in changing the world, enlightening the masses through liberal education. Even the reform caucus did not seek to strip the University of its powers of expropriation.

Then, in 1969, with its neighbours getting almost nowhere in their fight to preserve themselves against encroachment, the institution itself did two things which helped the neighbourhood's cause.

A piece of land, on College Street west of Spadina, was purchased for use as a student housing complex. The immediate neighbourhood, Kensington, was incensed—and frightened. After a brief furore the University sold the land and gave up the project, but not before a lot of goodwill had been destroyed.

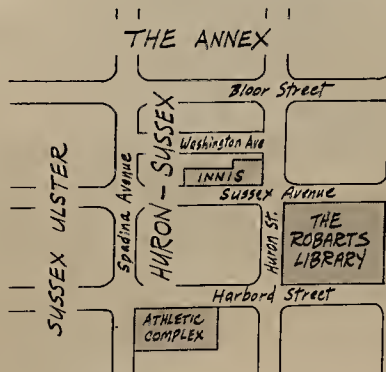
The University had also acquired a playing field on Robert St., just west of Spadina, and during the winter of 1969-70, 14 houses were demolished in order to enlarge it. The community was not consulted. Rumours that a covered arena was planned for the sight goaded the residents into action and resulted in more bad publicity.

No arena was ever built and President John Evans later admitted that the lack of consultation with the residents had been a serious mistake. The University promised that in future it would always consult with its neighbours before building anything which might affect them. It has kept its word.

Over the past five years the University has faithfully communicated with its neighbours, usually through the monthly meetings of the City Liaison Committee. This committee brings together city planners, representatives from the three neighbourhoods and members of the University administration, including the President.

All three communities agree that the Liaison Committee has given them some access to current University planning. However, they com-

Continued on page 6



The University will build its athletic complex. The residents admit this and tolerate it. What they will not accept is that the University must go on expanding, converting buildings that now are people's homes.

Allan McAllister, the intense young president of the Huron-Sussex Residents' Association, sits in his livingroom and looks out at the massive north wall of the Roberts Library. "The athletics complex is an issue by it is not the issue," he says.

Street and began to gnaw sporadically at the area between Bloor, St. George, Harbord and Spadina. It also gathered up land in the Annex, along College Street and even as far east as Young Street.

Not surprisingly, the residents who hadn't already given way by 1969 to a Benson Building, a Ramsey Wright, or a New College, began to feel discomfited about their own close proximity to the University. They began to ask, tentatively at first, but

If your feet are in Delhi

In July 1966, shortly after his internship at the Toronto General Hospital was completed, Donald Woodside flew to Malaysia "to personally apply medicine to the poor and the sick, and to join in the democratic revolution of the Third World." Two years later, disheartened and disillusioned, his tour of duty in a remote hospital having demonstrated that it was the responsibility of the Malaysians themselves to minister to their own needy, he left the country, travelling first to Ceylon and thence to India. Eventually, he settled for several months in the town of Bodhi-Gaya, in order to involve himself in the meditation

and in "the clear, simple message of the Buddha." His record of that experience is the subject of his book-length manuscript, *If Your Feet Are in Delhi*, whose directness, clarity of expression and moral perspective are frequently reminiscent of George Orwell's essays and letters. Portions of that manuscript appear below.

Donald Woodside was born in Toronto in 1941 and earned his M.D. from the University in 1965. At present, he is employed as a staff psychiatrist at the Hamilton Psychiatric Hospital. He is married and has one child. He informs us that *If Your Feet Are in Delhi* "is languishing for want of a publisher."

Meditation was very much in context in the town of Bodhi-Gaya where I took up residence. India has been called a "land intoxicated with God," and Bodhi-Gaya is one of the nodal points of its religious history.

However, our contact with the people of Bodhi-Gaya usually concerned food. Food was a problem, not only because of our simple fare, or the danger of infection, but also because of the great lack of the rich sweet things Westerners enjoy so much. There are a large assortment of Indian "sweets," but all taste much the same, just very sugary. All that is, except *pera*.

Pera was a milk sweet which the *pera*-man prepared every morning squatting in front of his big shallow iron cooking bowl. Milk and cane sugar were the basic ingredients, boiled down slowly and spiced in his secret way. Secret, and very good. Passing by his shop in the morning on the way back from grinding wheat, we usually found a few left over from the day before. Later in the day the *pera* were fresher, and softer and tastier.

In the afternoon, if we arrived at the night time (a somewhat variable matter), he was deep-frying fresh cauliflower or chopped onions sprinkled with hot little chunks of green chilli and dipped in a batter. Spiced with a hot chutney and chased by a tall glass of rich milk tea, they dispelled the yearning for home cooking.

While the *pera*-man squatted over his frying pan, his son, a young man of 24, served the tables. He wiped them clean after every customer, and supplied big glasses of cool sparkling water from the tap outside his doorway. Eventually I drank deeply of that water, but not without a struggle. The water was filtered but not chlorinated. But to eat there, I also had to drink, to quell the fire in my mouth. I suffered not the slightest ill-effect after drinking the water for months.

As we squeezed in along the benches with the villagers and pilgrims, the son greeted us with the little English he had learned in school. If the *pera* were sold out, he would console us: "There will be more yesterday."

From the *pera*-man I would make my way along to the main temple to sit in a corner in silence, while the Tibetans chanted "Om Mane Padme Hum" and performed their strenuous obeisances. Just outside the door there were always three or four purple-robed monks in the perpetual motion of prayer. A finely-polished prayer-board about five feet in length lay at the feet of each. They squatted down in front of it, then slid out to full length along it using little wooden blocks in their hands as runners. They lay for just a moment prostrate, before the rapid and fluid return to the squat and then the vertical.

A lifetime of this produces a fine physique; it also seems to yield the wisest, happiest faces I have ever seen. Up on the road under a big old tree near the temple gate sat a blind beggar. No ordinary man, this, but a great soul, who played his drum with a simple catchy rhythm to keep time for his one song. It was a melancholy, melodious little dirge, which I could understand only the first and dominant line, "Ek pesa, baba" — "one pesa, please sir." A pesa is one-eighth of a cent.

This beggar gave the temple a fourth dimension: vision, music, compassion. He often fed the other beggars who lingered hopelessly along the road, for few were the pilgrims who passed without dropping a coin in his tin can. He would hear the "twank" as it dropped in and nod in mid-song, or turn his blank eyes up toward the giver and say "thank you."

On the island of grass in the river of sand just down the road from the vihara, our meditation place, there was a tiny house. A stranger man had made it his home, with only his little dog for company. We often visited him at lunch, when he would brew up a pot of roots to make a bitter tea

which he served up in broken coconut shells with an eager smile. Some times he added a ten-pesa bag of "ganja", marijuana, from the government ganja store as a special treat, or we would bang him one.

Apparently he had been cheated out of his land by one of the wealthy men in town and had gone crazy. Sometimes if I approached quickly I would find him lying on his back shouting imprecations at the sky.

There was a crazy man in town who was more psychotic. He was usually wandering up and down the street mumbling to his imaginary companions. When he saw me or one of my friends, he would walk up and shoot out his sprayed palm in a commanding gesture accompanied by a loud "biff!" and a fine spray of spittle like an angry cat. "Bedie, bedie," he demanded. Satisfied with his toll (a bedie is a crude little Indian cigarette), he would signal for a light, then proceed to one of the stalls for tea. The merchants fed him free of charge, often scraps as sure, but food nonetheless in a land where none is extra.

Sri-Dwarko

I had found a new and useful pattern in my days. Two hours of meditation — morning and night; reading and reading; and work at the ashram down the road.

Just after breakfast a friend and I would go over there for some meditative exercise. Anything repetitious and simple was acceptable to us, and what they seemed to need most was flour. So we ground wheat.

An ashram is a self-supporting community of men and women and

their children, dedicated to social welfare and their own spiritual development. There must be hundreds of them in India. Many are consciously Gandhian, for Gandhi himself lived in one in Gujarat, and they are the natural habitat for exponents of his program, dedicated to cottage industry, homespun cotton clothing, self-sufficiency in food, and practical education for the children. Many ashramites take vows of celibacy, vegetarianism is the rule, and tobacco and alcohol are forbidden. Much of their effort is directed toward the improvement of farming techniques among the villagers. They are intensely religious, but evangelical only in a social sense. Hinduism does not easily lend itself to preaching.

The ashram in Bodhi-Gaya was small, with a brotherhood of eight including one married couple, supporting themselves on about three acres of land. It lay back off the main corner, and was approached by a line striding opposite the temple, and running between a little primary school and an old deserted Moslem cemetery.

The leader was an energetic, eloquent middle-aged man, short and swarthy and handsome. Sri Dwarko had decided to dedicate his life to his people 15 or 20 years ago and had never faltered in his determination. He was widely-known and respected among Gandhians.

He did his share of community housekeeping: sweeping, picking vegetables, preparing meals and so on, but he was also the focus of a great deal of constructive activity. He had sunk many small wells, hand-operated affairs, for poor farmers in the vicinity. He had assisted many of those same farmers, with their so often worthless land, to grow a good crop. He had co-ordinated the efforts of several groups to bring irrigation and more effective methods to the local villages.

Dwarko was a fluent, talkative man, who pursued the philosophical problems of his work with great intensity. "We believe in Science and Spirituality," he told me. "Western science must be the motor of society, because there are so many things we require to feed and clothe and educate our people that only science can bring. But science alone is like a boat without a rudder. We Indians can supply the spiritual guidance, the moral direction which you need." That moral self-righteousness. I swallowed my irritation.

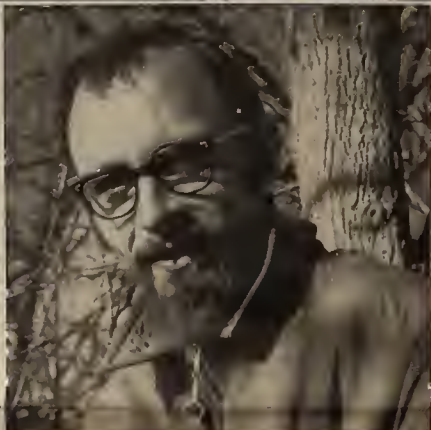
He was full of Gandhi stories to illustrate his points. "All his life Gandhi tried to improve himself. To test himself to the limit. He often fasted, both for political reasons and personal ones. He made a vow of celibacy when he was 37 and he and his wife slept apart from then on. In old age he tested himself by sleeping in the same bed with his young niece. He was very disturbed to find that he still had dreams about sex." And what of the niece, I thought.

One day he took me with him out to his new residential school nearby. All along the narrow rutted road was a band of rich green fields, in sharp contrast to the brown and shavelled scrub beyond. Every hundred yards or so was a well, recognizable by the 20-foot wooden boom which stands nearly upright when not in use.

"These are all wells I sank," he said with a touch of pride. As we slowed down to pass through the hamlets along the road, men waved and children smiled. He was a kind of father to them.

His school had just gotten underway, with 45 pupils enrolled and housed. One building, two teachers in attendance, and construction in full swing.

It had been set up in the forest near Bodhi-Gaya for the children of



the impoverished tribal people and "barlains" (untouchables) who lived there, eking out their meagre crops of wheat and topioca with berries, nuts and roots. Their life is hard and their families too large. As he had driven the tracks of the sandy scrub, Dwarko reported, mothers had stopped his jeep and pleaded with him, "Take my son," they would say. "I cannot feed him any longer and we cannot send him to school." Hence, several of his pupils were such gifts.

The students, all boys, were playing when we arrived. We sat down and they gathered around with great curiosity and touching affection for Sri Dwarko. They were young, seven and eight years old, eager and friendly and a little shy. They had left their slates at their places on the platform—paper is scarce and exercise books would be prohibitively expensive—with a scattering of dog-eared primers of the *Dick and Jane* variety, in Hindi of course.

Dwarko and the teacher explained what they were trying to do. "We intend to take children at about seven years of age and keep them here for seven or eight years. We will teach them reading, writing and arithmetic, but our main emphasis will be practical. We will have dairy cows here and a system of irrigation. We have already planted our first fields of wheat and bananas and will have also rice, oranges, bananas and other fruit."

"We intend to grow all the vegetables we need for our own use and the boys will do all the work. They will be taught animal husbandry because it is really urgent to improve the local breeds. Poultry farming too, so they will have eggs and chickens. We will teach them nutrition in the kitchen and sanitation and health. Everything will be done in a useful way that can be transplanted back to the village and they can teach others."

He paused. A little boy was shyly eyeing him from over near the doorway. "Do you see that boy?" he asked. "One day when his father was visiting him, we had an honoured guest. We cut up a papaya and asked the father to join us, as we were all taking some, but he refused. We insisted that he sit with us and eat also and eventually he consented." He nodded at the boy. "You should have seen his eyes light up with pride. His father sat down with the teacher! Almost unimaginable. They are untouchables. The most important thing we can teach them," he wagged his finger vigorously, "is self-respect."

As we drove out, he stopped his jeep beside a pupil walking in from the gate and questioned him, then gave him a scolding. As the boy walked off, he explained. "I asked him where his shovel was. He said he had forgotten it, so I scolded him. They are taught to take a shovel with them when they go for a bowel movement, to cover it with earth. It will be a good habit to take back to the village." Latrines would be foolish. There are none in the villages. They could be built but would not be used.

I think that the Indians feel about defecation much as did the Sioux: something to be left in a dry place where the vultures and the skinny pigs can devour what the wind does not. The idea of a smelly fly-infested pit does not appeal. There was a row of very substantial concrete latrines for public use near the tongs stand in Both-Gaya. The flush systems had all broken, slilt overflowed onto the floors and most people used the bushes just behind.

Our teacher of meditation told us one morning with more indignation than amusement of seeing a man and woman squatting side by side by the road for their morning constitu-

tional, chatting quite naturally. "These village people," he said, "are really too free about such things. I don't like to see that out in the open like that."

Actually, it's not exactly "out in the open" because of the flowing nature of the clothes. And it was my impression that the women (though not the men) were very inhibited about when and where they did their business.

Drugs

Jerry was a tall lanky American artist who had been in the Fecce Corps in Thailand as a high school teacher. He had grown interested in meditation and had come upon Both-Gaya quite accidentally after his tour of duty had ended. While practicing meditation the winter before his own arrival, he had received his draft call and had gone home to fight it. After failing unsuccessfully as a conscientious objector, he had escaped to Britain, then returned to India to continue his practice where he had left off.

Eventually, when my curiosity about drugs got the better of us, I turned to Jerry for some first-hand information. "What do drugs have to do with meditation? Why have almost all the people here been drug-users before that, since at this stage?" I had finally decided to admit my—what seemed to me abysmal—ignorance of marihuana, LSD and heroin, in the hope of clarifying a mystery.

warned repeatedly against its use. Indeed I had seen a colleague in Malaysia slowly devour himself with morphine.

Opium was the friend of the lonely old men who crowded out tuberculosis ward in Malaysia. Whether they were opium addicts first, or lonely and old and tubercular first, I could never discover.

I had encountered marihuana in Ceylon a few months previously and by this time I was on good terms with it. Occasionally we smoked together in the evening and I liked the intense feeling of communion that we had.

Sometimes we laughed, particularly Roland, who beed and hawed in private and delicious mirth. Internal television, he called it, watching the images flicker past. Sometimes we made a puddle over the fire. Always we drank water, lots and lots of water. Those nights I slept soundly and the following day had some fascinating insights as I "came down." (I think that that hashish had a good deal of opium in it. It certainly was much stronger and its effects lasted longer than anything I have tried elsewhere.) Indeed, coming down was to me the most interesting part of the experience. One Englishman told me that he had learned more about himself coming down after being high for two or three weeks on hashish than at any other time in his life.

Smoking had its drawbacks, too. At times I felt twinges of anxiety when I was high, fear of losing control of my thoughts, and suspicious that some of the others disliked me. They were not happy feelings, but they were useful to me.



Sri Dwarko at his school.

Certainly I knew something about drugs. They are the malady of medical practice. I knew them, respected them, used them cautiously and feared their potential for harm. But these drugs and this knowledge were totally different. I had left Canada before the psychedelic explosion. To me LSD was a darkly mysterious mind-changer similar to the mescaline which Huxley described in *The Gates of Perception*. I had heard of a psychiatrist who had used it to send his patients on 12-hour voyages back through their lives, terrifying visits to the past which required his constant attendance.

Heroin had an even more sinister reputation. Brief exposure was reputed to lead inescapably to lifelong addiction and as students we were

"What," I asked Jerry, "is the relationship between drugs and meditation?"

"Just coincidence," he said. "It's just part of the western trip for people who are trying to understand themselves. It's got no particular connection."

But I had seen some interesting aspects of myself when I was high. Roles, images I slipped in and out of. My thoughts were turning to the ultimate—LSD, "acid." References were usually cautious, as though to say, "I don't want you to feel awkward that I told you to try it."

I was apprehensive about the trip. Some people don't come back. The threat of chromosomal damage, although virtually unproven, was frightening. Our meditation leader's attitude toward drugs gave strength

to the resistance. "If you want to stay here, don't use drugs. I am not interested in chemical enlightenment." And I didn't want to disturb my ongoing meditation. I decided to wait.

After a couple of weeks the mystery of its possibilities proved to be too strong a challenge. I knew that I wouldn't soon again find the peace and intimacy I had there, nor as knowledgeable a guide. He who hesitates...

I decided to go alone, in the middle of the night when there would be no interruptions. I tried to meditate on it and kept a diary. But eventually that became impossible. "Reality has come apart," I wrote.

The imagery at the height of the trip was full of fiery demons. I began disappearing into another world, and returning only briefly before whirling away again. Carnival became reality, and no part of me was left behind to observe. Terror overwhelmed me. I woke Roland and asked him to get Jerry. I remember sitting waiting for them from 8:00 to 5:00, every time "I" returned to this room I would look at my watch in desperation; then off into chaos, a land of colour and form and fear, totally real and encompassing all time and all space in a flash. The fluorescent fire of the Root Spirits of the World.

"And then Jerry was there. Relief. 'I just needed someone,' I said. I knew it was important to be honest about it."

"Aha," he said. And we talked. His head was round and shaven, his face calm. Repeated shivers and little chuckles showed the assurance of one who knew that other world and all its tricks.

I felt the futility of seeking absolute standards, truths, gods. My delusion of God, I could see, had been replaced by the delusion of Nirvana. In the evening, staring out at the village in the dusk across the shards of glass embedded in the wall, I was depressed. Everything in life took on the aspect of a tremendous game. In my diary I wrote "We use the word goal for Nirvana, just as we do in a game of hockey. We set up externalities like God and Justice. To explain our suffering and our failure to meet our possibilities we create sin; and if you want to have sin you've got to have Christ."

"Talk and action both seem pointless to me. I think I'll be a cabby. Or a sailor."

Continued on page 10



"!Kung" is a phonetic rendering of the first word in the name of the San people of the Kalahari Desert. The exclamation mark represents a consonant, a click, characteristic of certain languages in the south of Africa. The sound is made by pressing the tip of the tongue against the roof of the mouth and drawing it away to make a popping sound.

by Robbie Salter

Prof. Richard B. Lee, a U of T social anthropologist, once spent a memorable Christmas on the Kalahari Desert in south west Africa. It was during one of several visits Prof. Lee has made to study the !Kung San people, previously known as Bushmen. During that Christmas in the Kalahari, Lee was to observe some of the qualities—humility and shaming—to name two, that are part of the !Kung ethos. As we shall see later, Lee was quite unprepared for the way the !Kung behaved toward him when he tried to show what he thought was kindness and generosity.

Lee has spent a total of three years out of the past twelve observing the !Kung San people who, along with the Eskimo, the Bindjibi of Australia, and the Pygmy, are among the few "hunter-gatherers" extant today. The !Kung still hunt and gather in the Dobe area, 20 degrees south of the Equator, in the pattern of their Neolithic forebears. While Lee and other scientists from around the world have been studying the !Kung, many of whom live as people did 10,000 years ago, they have also seen a certain number of the !Kung people being forced to adapt to a sedentary life alongside their Bantu neighbours because mining and ranching operations are encroaching on the territories they once roamed through freely.

Lee believes that a study of the co-existent old and new life being led by the !Kung people may well shed light on such problems as over-population, sexism, and societal aggression currently vexing contemporary society elsewhere.

To an outsider, the !Kung may sound and seem how they behave. They talk incessantly and volubly. Lee says that two or three will talk at the same time giving the listener "a choice of channels to tune in on."

"No !Kung is ever at a loss for words," says Lee. "Once when I asked a man how his people cooked before they had iron pots, he laconically countered with, 'We must have all died!' The !Kung children, too, learn at an early age to talk out problems and to express their feelings in words. They, too, have a ready and often whimsical reply to any question: whereas in France and Italy, the truffle is a delicacy, sniffed out by specially trained pigs and hounds, in the Kalahari, it is a common snack collected by children; when asked how they knew where to look for truffles, a group of !Kung youngsters laughingly replied, 'We have eyes in our toes.'" Lee says that some of the investigators, unable to read, write, or think and

the constant chatter of the !Kung, had to build camp well away from the noise.

The anthropologist also points out that !Kung frown upon any withdrawal that is sudden, and that "grievances are aired in a way that seems shocking to North Americans schooled in politeness to the point of deviousness. Disputes flare up and die down without either party giving ground. They attach no value as to who wins. They have no ideal of honour or aggressive masculinity, no games of strength in which a man must prove himself. But they do pour out words which seem to have a healing quality. Open spaces and the ties of kinship mediate against homicide. When arguments become too heated and "punch-ups" occur, the !Kung would rather move camp than risk homicide."

In their nomadic life the !Kung will move camp every few days or weeks in pursuit of rainfall and migrating animals. Lee records that "the total weight of an individual's property is under 25 pounds. Weapons, cooking utensils, medicines, cosmetics, pipes, toys, water containers, and musical instruments can easily disappear into a couple of overnight bags."

Today, however, life is more complex for the !Kung who are having to adapt to village life, to "sedentary" agrarian living. In the process of acculturation, it is the women and children who are suffering most from dislocation. The men, who speak the language of the Bantu whose heads they continue to tend, are retaining their traditional mobility.

In the new agrarian life, the men spend less time sharing the tasks of the camp and caring for the children. Nor do they relax in quite the same way they used to after they had brought home a kill that would last for a few days. They are also becoming more aggressive and less generous. Along with learning to plan for the future, they seem to be acquiring the very qualities they once deplored—stinginess and greed.

In the nomadism they once pursued, women shared a greater and unquestioned equality with men. They patterned 50 per cent of the food and had fewer children to look after. Their work was interspersed with pleasures. In an average week, a young mother might go with her mother-in-law to gather nuts in the forest; stopping a hut; visit a sister in a nearby camp; retching for tobacco at the trading post on the way home; collect fruit on the way to an all-night healing dance; sleep much of the next day; share with others the eating of a

wart hog killed by her father-in-law.

Today the !Kung women who are having to adapt to agrarian life are losing a natural check on their fertility. This is believed by some to be due to the fact that as a nomad the mother lacked such weaning foods as grains and milk. She also nursed each child for three or four years. Since ovulation is thought to be suppressed during lactation, conception is less likely to occur.

In her studies on the !Kung women, Prof. Nancy Howell of Scarborough College supports the hypothesis that ovulation occurs only when the body reaches a certain level of fatness. The !Kung women are thin and of small stature. Those who continue to subsist by hunting and gathering—and especially those who are nursing a child—may not get the calories necessary to support ovulation until the child is weaned. Over a 20-year span, a nomadic woman might have four or five children compared with the sedentary woman who may have ten.

As nomads the children, too, had a more carefree life. Since there were fewer children, the mother was able to lavish long and lingering care upon each one, nursing them until they were four or five years of age. The male's initiation rites did not take place until he was eighteen, hence the young nomad did not have to provide food until late in adolescence. In the new agrarian life, the children help to care for the now more numerous siblings. They also share the daily domestic work.

Although parents still try to arrange their children's marriages, the young often make their own choices. Divorce, remarriage, and polygamy are permitted. A marriage can be readily dissolved without rancor. Often a man will marry two sisters believing they will be compatible.

For the old and the ill, nomadic life was often difficult. Yet scientists record that the !Kung have been adequately nourished, and free of the degenerative diseases, such as heart disease, that plague modern society. The Christmas Lee spent with the !Kung, he discovered just how they have survived as a proud and independent people.

Although the !Kung do not observe Christmas as a religious festival, each December they share in a feast when neighbouring tribes slaughter an ox and gather at the trading post for several days of feasting, trading possessions, dancing, and marriage arranging.

Lee had become accustomed to the accusations of the !Kung that he was stingy, "far-hearted", and a miser with his two-month supply of food. So, at the end of his studies, he decided he would show his appreciation to the !Kung by providing an ox for the feast. He purchased a beast "of astonishing size and mass, 1200 pounds on the

Continued on page 11

"My dear Andrea..."

"I read his letters with fascination, not just for what they tell me about his humanist theology but for what they say about his humanity," wrote Robert Fulford in *Saturday Night* after perusing the first volume of *The Correspondence of Erasmus*. The second volume also published by the University of Toronto Press, has just appeared. You are invited to sample its contents below, to experience Erasmus of Rotterdam not merely as a dry and dusty relic of the Renaissance, but as a roistering, hard-working, ambitious, back-biting, petty, generous and usually interesting man. And as becomes apparent, the author of *In Praise of Folly* seems to have had virtually no capacity for suffering fools gladly.

The volume from which these letters are taken is part of the *Collected Works of Erasmus*, an edition which will consist of 40 to 45 volumes, published at the rate of two a year. Its text was translated by R.A.B. Myrnes and D.F.S. Thomson, and annotated by Wallace K. Ferguson.

Andrea Ammonio, a favourite correspondent of Erasmus, was an Italian scholar who was Latin secretary to Erasmus' patron, Lord William Mountjoy, and later to King Henry VIII. The two, close friends even before the Italian left Rome to live in England, had much in common. About the same age, they were both men who lived by their well-honed wits. Only some of the correspondence between them survives. The letters that appear here have been slightly abridged.

Queen's College, Cambridge, 25 August 1511

ERASMUS OF ROTTERDAM TO HIS FRIEND
ANDREA AMMONIO

I am sending you a letter I have addressed to Boniface. So far there is nothing new to tell you about my own affairs, except that the journey was very uncomfortable, and that my health is still a little shaky as a result of that sweating sickness I told you of. I expect I shall stay at this college for several days anyway. Being anxious to devote my chief attention to getting well, I have not yet given an audience the chance to hear me. The beer in this place suits me not at all and the wines are not quite satisfactory either. If you are in a position to arrange for a small cask of Greek wine, the best obtainable, to be sent to me here, you will have done what will make your friend perfectly happy. But quite dry wine please. You need not worry at all about the payment; I will even have this sent in advance, if you wish. I am already beginning to enjoy the first of the advantages we derive from those most holy bulls — by dying of this! You can guess the rest. I have not even made the crossing yet. Farewell dearest Ammonio.

Queen's College, Cambridge, 16 September 1511

ERASMUS TO HIS FRIEND AMMONIO

My dear Andrea, I have raised my spirits twice over not only by sending the very welcome consignment of wine but by adding to it something far more welcome — a letter, which absolutely tastes of your mind and character; and there never was, and never will be, anything more delicious in my opinion than that. So I have a double reason for thanking you. You are indignant at the mention of payment; but I was certainly not unaware that you had a heart generous enough to grace a royal fortune; but I calculated that you would probably send me a rather large cask, one that would last several months, and even the one you did send was larger than any decent man could accept as a free gift.

I had a hearty laugh over the Greek note. It would be hard-hearted indeed of me not to forgive More, plunged as he is in such important business. I am most surprised that you sit on your rest so unendingly, and that you never fly away. If you should ever be disposed to pay another visit to this university, you will be warmly welcomed here by many people, especially by me. As for your invitation to me to come back to your neighbourhood if my illness continues, I cannot see anything to attract me in London, except the company of two or three of my friends. But let us speak of this another time.

Farewell, dear Ammonio, and please write to me often; you cannot do anything that would please me more.

Cambridge, 16 October 1511

ERASMUS TO HIS FRIEND AMMONIO

I have no pretext for writing, since there is no news, except that I have made up my mind to send away no reliable messenger who comes to hand without a letter to you. I wrote just a few days ago; I long to hear how you are, and whether my friend Mountjoy is back yet; and next, how things are in Italy and what the most invincible Julius is up to. Towards midwinter I shall return to you if the gods allow, provided the winter cold can put a stop to the plague which I hear is spreading in

your part of the world. For that matter it is not very far from Cambridge either.

Look after yourself, my dear Andrea, dearest to me of all mortals, and be sure to write to me often.

London, 20 October 1511

ANDREA AMMONIO TO HIS DESIRABLE
DESIDERIUS ERASMUS

Your letter, Dear Erasmus, went far beyond anything I hoped, though it fell short of what I longed for. To tell the truth, you have written to me more often than I thought you would, yet much less often than I wished; and this most affectionate act of kindness means so much to me that, could the bonds that link me to you be firmer than they are, it would have bound me still more closely to you.

This is the report of events in Italy: the Spanish king is now on the verge of open war with France and the English will not, it is guessed, stay idly looking on. Julius the supreme has gone to the shrine of the Mother of God at Loretto to congratulate Our Lady on his recovery. The Venetians have, it is said, ambushed and destroyed more than five hundred French horses. The emperor feels the chill so badly that he does not quit his German stoves. The men of Florence and Pisa have been pursued with dreadful curses because they are lending a council site to those schismatic cardinals. The cardinal archbishop of Reggio has passed away.

Here in London we have not yet come to terms with the plague. I myself have at last moved into St. Thomas's College, where I am no more at my ease than at More's house. It is true that I no longer see "the happy crooked beak"; but there are plenty of other things to annoy me; so much so that I swear I do not know how I can contrive to live in England any longer. In the first place, they tell me it would be unsuitable to my condition to reside with our Italian merchants, which would be congenial to me; second, I am quite out of sympathy with this nation's dirty habits, habits with which I am already well enough acquainted, and yet my poverty will not permit me to take a lease of a house and live as I should like to live.

Tomorrow I shall proceed to court and will carry out your business there with zeal and attention; and I shall arrange with someone that, when the Cambridge carriers in due course have returned here, a second cask of wine shall be delivered to you along with this letter. Once again, look after your health and continue in your present affection for me.

London, 8 November 1511

ANDREA AMMONIO TO HIS DESIRABLE
DESIDERIUS ERASMUS

Either my servant is exceptionally unlucky, so that all he does for me turns out badly, or else the Cambridge rabble surpasses even the rest of the disobliging British nation in incivility, so unaware is it of all obligations and so devoid of absolutely every kind of civilized behaviour. I long to see a few of this sort measure their length on a gallo! Why, they have practically no idea what it means to take responsibility for a letter, and for to deliver it afterwards; to put it in the mildest way possible, they do not know how many people they

are cheating of the pleasure that should be theirs, or how many men's good name for conscientiousness they may be ruining, and moreover they are unaware that more than one person's well-being often depends on a single letter. As soon as I got your letter I tried to answer it as quickly as I could, in order to please you, if not by my literary style, at least by conscientiousness in dispatch. I gave the scribe the demanded for the carriage of the letter. Finally I sent back, along with the letter, a second cask of Greek wine; however I see that only a single letter reached you and, along with the good tum I tried to do, the can I devoted to writing has been lost. Oh, these savages! I swear I'd gladly see them torn to pieces any day! However I am consoled by one thing — the reflection that you have so fully grasped my feeling for you that, even though I never wrote, you would still regard me as an admirer and friend. My servant Thomas says that on the last occasion he entrusted the letter and, as I said, a second cask of Greek wine to the man who carried your books down to you; but I do not know to whom he gave other letters. If the wine has been drunk up, try to get back at least the cask. But enough of this bad temper; I am simply seething with it at the moment.

Your patron, as I have heard (for I have not yet seen him), has been in town for three days. Jupiter is very angry with us here; it rains by day and by night and seldom stops. The plague has almost ceased to rage, but unless the magistrates take some effective measures of relief, a famine is going to follow, and this will be very bit as terrible as the plague. I am not surprised that the price of firewood has gone up; every day there are a great number of heretics to make bonfires for us, and still their number continues to grow. Why, even my servant Thomas's brother, who is more like a lump of wood than a human being, has instituted a sect on his own, if you please, and has followers too.

Look after yourself, my dear Erasmus, and give many greetings for me to our friend Bullock. Farewell once more.

Cambridge, 11 November 1511

ERASMUS TO HIS FRIEND AMMONIO

On the eve of Martinmas your letter was delivered to me — to be specific, your angry one — together with a cask of Greek wine, half full. The fellow who brought it demanded two *drachmae*. I gave him aspen. Then, after a close look at your letter, I noticed that the cask had not been sent with your last letter, which you wrote on the eighth of November, but with a previous letter; this was evident even from the colour of the wine. Indeed when you sent it the first time, I was surprised that you consigned it unscaled to the hands of men to whom nothing is sealed. Obviously, my dear Andrea, we have here to deal with men who combine extreme boorishness with the extremity of evil cunning; and there is absolutely no reason why you should congratulate me on account of my retreat down here; shame alone curbs my complaints. Let us, however, speak of this privately when we meet.

I was not looking for a second cask, except that you, astonishingly courteous as you are, took my praise of the wine for a fresh order. As far as I am concerned, I am more anxious about recovering your letter than about either the wine or the cask.

Continued on page 12

In bed with an ELEPHANT

Continued



plan that this does not put them much further ahead, since the University is so unsure of what its plans will be five years from now.

The University and the City are now engaged in drawing up a plan which should estimate the future space needs of the institution. Meanwhile, the University has tried to relieve the fear of its neighbours by making a statement concerning the limits of its expansion — to the effect that it has no intention of expanding beyond the present Bay, Bloor, College Spadina block in the foreseeable future. This reassured the residents of the Annex and Sussex-Ulster. It had the opposite effect on Huron-Sussex.

Jack Diamond concedes that "The motion on expansion focused attention on the Huron-Sussex area because the University was by implication making a declaration that it officially regards the boundaries of the campus to include the Huron-Sussex area. That has certainly aggravated relations with them."

Relations with the other two neighbourhoods have improved slowly but steadily over the past five years. This can partly be attributed to an honest attempt by the University to keep the communication lines open. It can also be attributed to a general feeling that the hey-day of University expansion is over. The institution lost its expropriation rights when the U of T Act was passed in 1971. The government has cut back on funds so severely that new building has almost stopped. And the political climate of the city, the province and the country militates against any Ontario University undertaking any appreciable expansion.

Relations with the Huron-Sussex neighbourhood have never been good and in the past ten years they have declined steadily. The entire salmagundi of tensions that travels back and forth between the University and all its neighbours seems magnified a hundred times in the little community.

About 700 people live in Huron-Sussex now, less than half the number to be found there 15 years ago when the University first began eyeing the land north of Harbord Street.

Back in 1960, when Jim Shabaky purchased a house on the corner of Huron and Sussex Streets to establish his antique store, the University had no holdings north of Harbord. Nor, he was officially informed, did it have any plans to acquire any. Mr. Shabaky says he counted on this when he purchased his house, now one of the few remaining in private hands.

Over the intervening years, the University has slowly and inexorably bought up houses. It now owns 85 per cent of them. Nearly nine city blocks have been torn down to make room for the new buildings and parking lots and in a couple of cases, green spaces.

Some houses have been converted into office space. Most are rented out to low and middle-income families or to student co-ops. All are rendered minuscule by the looming Robarts Library.

In 1969 community activism arrived in Huron-Sussex. A residents' association was formed to fight University encroachment into the area. "Our real gripe at first was that the University was cavalier and indifferent. It made no attempt to satisfy the people in the area or to communicate with them," says Jim Shabaky. "Now things are different. The University is much more concerned about the area and wouldn't do anything without consulting us."

He sighs. "I don't think anything will stop them from taking over this area in the long run but at least they are nicer about it now."

The University had powers of expropriation but seldom has used them in accumulating its holdings in the area. After all, most individual owners were quite willing to sell to the University provided the price was right.

For many years, most University-owned properties in Huron-Sussex were badly maintained. Multiple leases were allowed and the agent handling the houses was slow to respond to tenant demands.

Tom Hapner, Huron-Sussex representative on the City Liaison Committee says: "The services provided to the tenants have been almost nil in

the past. Now things are improving somewhat, but the tenants still compensate for the below-market rents through increased work and improvement on the houses." Allan McAllister says: "About two years ago the University started getting pressure from the city to improve the houses. I think they also saw they had a stake in the housing stock because they might eventually be using it as offices."

The community insists that the University should expand no further into their, or any other, area. The University is too big as it is, and, if it really must expand, it should do so on the suburban campuses. "It is a massive insitution already," argues Mr. McAllister. "And at a certain level it threatens Toronto's viability. In a city where residential facilities in the core are declining dramatically, the University as an institution shouldn't be adding to the problem by demolishing homes."

Jack Diamond replies, "I think in the past the University has perhaps not tried enough to reach understandings with its neighbours. But the position that there should be no more institutional development at all is a position which we obviously cannot accept." He points out that the University must take into consideration the plans of the provincial government in making any future decision on expansion.

Nor is the University altogether deaf to complaints. Innis College, now under construction on the cor-

ner of Sussex and St. George Streets is an example of an attempt to live in harmony with the community.

Innis has attempted to meld itself into the streetscape by erecting a building which is in scale with its surroundings. It even incorporates two houses already on the site. With the support of Principal Peter Russell and the students of Innis, the 10 houses which remain on the block have been incorporated into a non-profit co-op for families and students. "Innex," as it has been named, is an experiment aimed at maintaining a mixed residential/institutional neighbourhood. According to Peter Russell, if Innex "functions well socially and physically, it could be a model for the whole district."

As he sits in his book-lined office and describes his hopes for the project, Russell's face becomes flushed with enthusiasm. He can't resist describing the projected Innis pub, "the Stub Line Tavern", and how he sees it becoming like an English "local" where the whole community comes to drink and socialize.

Of course there are those in the community who regard Innis as the biggest threat ever. Allan McAllister regards Innis as an example of "soft development": the houses remain but the families who have lived in them must go.

But in general, the community is in favour of the Innis experiment. They are happy to see the University trying a solution other than the bulldozer.



The Pessimistic Alternative

"We have a five year reprieve because of the recently passed downzoning," says Allan McAllister. "But I think the University will gradually take over the whole neighbourhood anyway. I'm afraid that when the leases start to come up on these houses they just won't be renewed, the houses will become vacant and will be gradually turned into office space. Perhaps if the University ever gets the money they'll demolish them and build."

"But as long as they wait until the tenants have moved out, they can say that they didn't put anyone out of their home in the process. I've seen that happen before on this campus."

The Pragmatic Alternative

Jack Diamond used to live close to the University, so he feels he has some feeling for the neighbourhood's points of view.

"But the question it ultimately comes down to is that there has to be a tradeoff between the University's needs and the residential needs of the city. I think the only thing that can be said right now is that in the long run the University feels there will be more institutional presence in the area than there is now. But the form of that presence is completely up in the air. It could be retained for residential purposes — for institutional residential purposes."

The Imaginative Alternative

Peter Russell wants to be convinced the University must destroy the residential character of the neighbourhood in order to fulfill its own obligations.

"I think leafy streets, old Victorian homes and people living along a pleasant streetscape provides part of an environment that I, as a University person, adore. I loved old St. George Street; it was so beautiful as a main street for a university."

"What would Oxford, or Harvard, or the University of Paris be like, I wonder, if there were only gown, and no town?"

What indeed?

HOMEcoming!

Homecoming this year is October 18 and staff writer Margaret MacAulay talked with grads of the years being honoured: STS, 6T0, 6T5 and 7T0.

Peter Russell, Trinity STS, is a Rhodes Scholar, Professor of Political Science and Principal of Innis College.

Robert Zacharczuk, Engineering 6T0, is a computer science teacher at Sheridan College of Applied Arts and Technology.

Ken Shumak, Medicine 6T5, is Assistant Professor of Medicine and in charge of the blood transfusion laboratory at the Toronto General Hospital.

Wendy Leaney, Victoria 7T0, is an assistant manager, commercial credit, of a chartered bank.

1955 was the year of Hurricane Hazel. The president of SAC was William Angus de Law; Clyde Bateau was editor of *The Varsity*, which that year won the coveted Southern Trophy "For Excellence Among Papers of The Canadian University Press". Law won the Homecoming float parade. The senior football Blues brought home the intercollegiate trophy, winning a game against Western in London for the first time in 18 years.

The Engineering Society was fined \$4,000 and suspended for several months when the freshman walk turned into a riot. Later, engineers organized "Operation Engineer" and 1,100 Skulemen helped clean up the destruction left in the hurricane's wake.

There were new buildings: the Sigmund Samuel Library; the Sir Daniel Wilson Memorial Residences at U.C.; Carr Hall at St. Michael's; and the Arbor Room in Hart House.

There was a difference of opinion between the mayor of Toronto and the Hart House Art Committee over the suitability for young eyes of three pictures hanging in the Hart House Art Gallery. Gown prevailed against town and the pictures remained.



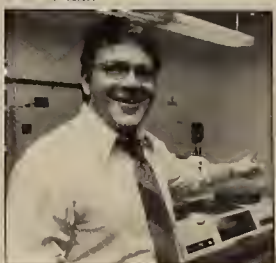
Peter Russell, now Principal of Innis College, had originally intended a business career; indeed he began one on his return from Oxford in 1957. Then, in 1958, he was offered a post as lecturer at U of T and except for two years at Makerere University College in Kampala and a year at Harvard, he has been here ever since.

The value of the lecture has been over-emphasized at the University, as far as Peter Russell is concerned. He has a personal preference for the Oxbridge tutorial system, where students prepare large numbers of term papers and attend few lectures. Under this system a professor delivers a series of lectures when he has something new and significant to say.

In 1960 Dr. F.C.A. Jeanneret was elected Chancellor. The President of SAC was Walter McLean of Knox College and Sam Ajenzeta was editor of *The Varsity*. Law won the Homecoming float parade. The senior football Blues lost the championship to UWO when, tied and with no time or provision for a play-off, the scores of their two games against each other were tallied, and Western, with more points, was awarded the title.

Building continued: Margaret Addison Hall, the Benson Building and the Institute of Aerophysics. The 300th Sunday Evening Concert was held at Hart House. The University chorus and orchestra

were re-organized under student directors. University College produced *Katy Crnel*, an original folk opera by David Helwig and Michael Rasminsky. Work began at the Press on the Dictionary of Canadian Biography, with Prof. George W. Brown as General Editor.



Engineer Robert Zacharczuk remembers riding the TTC along College Street; taking his lunch in a brown paper bag, buying a carton of milk and consuming the whole in long dreary corridors (Arts students in comparison seemed to have palatial surroundings); he reminisces fondly about Joe McCulley and Hart House, football games and the Lady Godiva Memorial Band and Skule night.

Having worked as a design engineer for seven years after graduation, Zacharczuk came back in 1967 to take his master's degree, and found himself face to face with a generation gap. His most striking memory of his return is of hordes of people galloping long distances from lecture to lecture. And the old "in ra spirit" was gone — somehow it seemed inappropriate.

1965 was the year that Winston Churchill died. The new Canadian flag was unveiled. The president of SAC was John Roberts of Wycliffe College and Harvey Shepherd was editor of *The Varsity*. Medicine won the Homecoming float parade.

It was a year for new libraries: the Laidlaw Library at University College and E.J. Pratt Room of Contemporary Poetry at Victoria. It was a year of colleges: New College took possession of its building; construction began on Scarborough College; Innis College was created.

Staff and graduate students moved into the Ramsay Wright Zoological Laboratories. Sunnybrook was named Ontario's first university hospital. And Col. R. Samuel McLaughlin announced the gift of \$1 million to build a planetarium.

Dr. Helen Hogg of Astronomy was elected President of the Royal Canadian Institute — the first woman to head the society in its 115-year history. Dr. Healey Willan retired as University organist and Joe McCulley retired as Warden of Hart House.

And in the Spring, at Convocation, Lois Marsh sang for her honorary degree.



There has been a change in the medical program since Ken Shumak graduated in 1965. Dr. Shumak

still at the University and heavily involved in research and teaching, feels that the old curriculum where Meds students learned by diffusion was preferable to the new, where they are taught by systems. Nowadays, he notes students do get more detail in the areas they study, but some important things are missed in the process of compartmentalization. On the other hand, Shumak approves of the change from the old fourth year — which didn't serve a particularly useful function for either student or teacher — to the current clinical clerkship system by which students go into teaching hospitals.

1970 was the year of the Apollo 12 moon landing and thousands lined up to see the moon rocks in Dr. Strangway's lab at Erindale. The president of SAC was Gus Abols and the editor of *The Varsity* was Brian Johnson. Erindale won the Homecoming float parade on a day when it rained and rained and never stopped.

Important reports were published. The report of the Commission on University Government — CUG — was released, then discussed throughout the year at open meetings. A University-wide committee recommended a universal governing structure. The report of the Presidential Advisory Committee to Examine Disciplinary Procedures, the Campbell Report, was published. The membership of Caput was again the subject of heated debate.

At a teach-in at Convocation Hall on the Americanization of Canada, speakers urged that the Placement Centre withdraw its services from companies involved in production of armaments for the Viet Nam war.

The cornerstone was laid for the Roberts Library; University College was declared a national monument; and street signs and name plaques were posted on the St. George campus.

Hart House celebrated its 50th anniversary. And the University, staff and students, became embroiled in the fight to stop the Spadina Expressway.



Photo by Bob White

Wendy Leaney is an assistant manager, credit, for one of the chartered banks. A graduate in English, she enjoyed the course. Though her original intention was to be a high school English teacher, she admits she looked on university as something of a lark. By the end of her first year she had decided against teaching, but had become more serious about her studies. She went straight to the bank from university and has found the business world much more black and white than the classroom. University taught her that there were several possible answers to questions, the business world that "there may be different approaches but basically only one answer".

Although it proved to have no direct relation to her work, Wendy Leaney does not consider her university training a waste of time; nor, if she had it all to over would she take a more "functional" course.

'Harvest', a drawing from Thoreau MacDonald's *Canadian Forum Reproductions* (Toronto, 1927), part of the Margaret E. Edison Collection of Thoreau MacDonald. Photo by Tom Chan



The book you save may be

by Richard Landon,
Assistant Head,
Thomas Fisher Rare Book Library

Although most of the books and manuscripts in the Rare Books and Special Collections Department have been purchased from library funds, the library has always depended to a considerable extent on the scholarly interests and generosity of private collectors who have given their books to the institution.

As early as 1890, just after the University Library had been destroyed in the fire that burned much of University College, thousands of books were sent as gifts from British and European libraries. Many of these books, older editions of standard scholarly texts, eventually formed the basis of the present collections.

Then in 1901, the library of Canon Henry Scadding, the finest private library of its time in Canada, was left to the University. Several of its treasures, especially books printed before 1500, now grace the shelves of the Thomas Fisher Rare Book Library, along with others added by Dr. Adelaide Sinclair, Canon Scadding's granddaughter.

When, in 1935, Miss Marion E. Brown established the department, certain kinds of books, including the very old, the very expensive, the very fragile, and the very obscure were kept in a special cupboard and could only be used with the special permission of the librarian. Since then, and particularly during the 1960s, the concept of "special collections" for scholarly research, where each book or manuscript forms an integral part of a precisely defined whole, has been highly developed by Miss Brown and her staff, and the collections have expanded rapidly both in range and size to the point that today over 100,000 books and 1500 feet of manuscripts encompassing almost every area of human knowledge are contained in the department.

Due to overcrowding in the old Main Library the collections were housed for a few years in temporary quarters but in December 1972, the department moved into a new, specially designed building on the corner of St. George and Harbour Streets.

Early in 1973, it was officially dedicated and named the Thomas Fisher Rare Book Library. On this occasion the department's extensive holdings were considerably enriched by the gift from Sidney and Charles Fisher of Montreal of their collections of Shakespeare, Hollar, Kipling, Dunstun and Norman Douglas, given through the auspices of the Ontario Heritage Foundation.

The library was named for the great-grandfather of the Fisher brothers, a Yorkshire merchant who settled in Upper Canada in 1820 and actively participated in the development of Toronto. Thus a generous gift, one of many placed in the department over the years, added a new dimension to the library's overall collections.

The role of the private collector/donor in the development of special collections of books and manuscripts has canon Henry Scadding is crucial. A private collector who concentrates on one author or subject field will, from necessity, become an expert in that field, with the beneficial result that the collection will often include unusual and ephemeral pieces.

The role of the collector/donor is especially significant in these days of excessive budgets when the library's purchasing power has been considerably reduced. Often a private collection placed in the department will provide the basis of a new special collection which the library can further develop and expand through purchases.

Over the years books and manuscripts encompassing a range of subjects almost as wide as the collections themselves have been presented to the department.

The Hannah Collection of Medical and Related Sciences was the gift of Dr. Jason A. Hannah and the Hannah Institute, it constitutes an integral part of a program to establish chairs in the history of medicine at five Ontario universities and thus is a province-wide research resource.

Three former members of the faculty at the University of Toronto contributed their large and valuable collections in three very different subjects to the Rare Books and Special Collections Department. A.T. DeLury, Dean of Mathematics, had

formed a superb collection of Anglo-Irish literature which was presented to the library after his death and which now forms the basis of one of the library's great research strengths. Focused on the work of W.B. Yeats and his circle, the collection is also unusually strong in its wide coverage of the minor waters of the Anglo-Irish Renaissance.

Many years ago the bequest of Professor Milton Buchanan added greatly to the library's holdings of Renaissance Italian and Spanish literature. Indeed the holdings of early Italian time and plays, collected by purchase and gift, are among the finest in North America.

Professor Beatrice Corrigan, long a Professor of Italian and still actively engaged in the editing of the works of Erasmus, has contributed generously to this collection. Some years ago, Professor Gilbert Bagnani gave his collection of the works of Petronius to the library, a collection which includes most of the editions of the works of the Latin poet published since the fifteenth century.

The estate of Douglas Duncan, Toronto art collector and bibliophile, gave to the library Duncan's impressive collections of modern English literature, including a corrected typescript of *Women in Love*.

Norman J. Endicott, Emeritus Professor of English Literature, was instrumental in the library's acquisition of the Douglas Duncan Collection and has generously added to it a large number of volumes from his own collection.

Recently a virtually complete collection of the work of Thomas MacDonald, the Canadian artist and designer, was presented to the library by Margaret E. Edison, via the Ontario Heritage Foundation. This collection reflects the library's great interest in Canadian literature and art.

The manuscript collections of the Department have also benefited greatly from the generosity of donors,

particularly historical collections which consist of the papers of the donor himself. For instance, J.B. Tyrrell, a Canadian explorer and mining engineer, gave the university his extensive personal papers which have been much used by researchers interested in Arctic exploration. Included as well were other Canadian manuscripts, notably the holograph manuscript of David Thompson's *Narrative*.

James Mavor, a University of Toronto professor of political economy and a prominent international figure in arts and letters, was intimately involved in the settlement of the Doulchobors in Canada. His extensive papers were given to the library by his family; his daughter, Dora Mavor Moore, continues to add to the collection.

The papers of Sir Edmund Walker, president of the Bank of Commerce and founder of several museums and art galleries in Canada, were given by his family and are used extensively by students of Canadian business history.

Sir Frederick Banting's papers and journals cover the years of the discovery and development of insulin and Dr. Henrietta Banting continues an active interest in the collection.

Many institutions and organizations have contributed to the growth of the collections, including the Ontario Association of Architects, Trinity College and the Ontario Legislative Library. Especially notable is the Associates of the University of Toronto, Inc., New York, an alumni group which has taken a great interest in the growth of the collections.

Numerous individuals have also given small collections and single books to the library, often books that fill significant gaps in the collections. These gifts have allowed the Thomas Fisher Rare Book Library to offer more stimulating and complete research facilities to the University, the Toronto community and the scholarly world in general.

your own

"A plague of misfortunes, misjudgments, and misconceptions beset Pearson"

MIKE: VOL. 3
1957-68 (University of Toronto
Press, 338 pp., \$15)

by Lawrence F. Jones

It was no contest at all when Lester Bowles Pearson and Paul Martin stood before the Liberal Party convention in January 1958 as candidates for the national leadership. Mike Pearson won by better than three to one, even though he had not conducted a vigorous campaign, and even though, it was a job for which, he said, "frankly, I had no particular desire."

Five years later, after one utterly disastrous election and another in which his Liberals ran a close second to John Diefenbaker's Conservatives, Mike Pearson was Prime Minister of Canada. His regime was marked by incidents of administrative mismanagement, by the worst political scandals in federal politics since Mackenzie King's Beauchamp affair, and yet by such forward governmental action as a new deal in federal-provincial relationships, positive recognition of the bilingual factor in the national life, and the creation of a distinctive Canadian flag.

That "Tenth Decade" since Confederation is the period covered in *Mike: Volume 3*, the final volume of Pearson's memoirs. Pearson died in 1973, just before the appearance of the second volume, which was completed for publication by John Munro and Alex Inglis who had been research associates for the author when he began work on the memoirs.

Why the two year delay in the production of the final volume? In 1973, knowing that the end was inevitable, and soon, Pearson turned all of his attention to it and, when death came, had written "30,000 words, about one-fifth, of this volume. In the foreword, Mike's son Geoffrey says some of those he consulted after the death of his father thought the manuscript was overly-political, others that it had a defensive note and did not provide an adequate record of the times. The execution of the Pearson estate, Maryon Pearson, Mike's wife, son Geoffrey, and Senator John Connolly — decided to postpone publication for a year "to give me more time for reflection."

The editors have combined Pearson's own 30,000 words, taken from transcripts of lengthy television interviews and from Pearson's diaries, letters, and other documents. It's a

skilful fabric they have woven. By telling the story in the first person, they have preserved Pearson's wry humour and his casual style of writing. Whether or not the facts have emerged on paper as he himself might have presented them is a matter for conjecture — perhaps the historians will tell us after they are permitted to dig into his files and archives.

There is a clearly defensive tone through much of the book — and there was much for the author to defend. A plague of misfortunes, misjudgments, and misconceptions beset Pearson in most of his five years as Prime Minister. Any adult who lived in Canada through 1963 to 1966 and who read newspapers, watched television or listened to radio could not have escaped the continuing story of the Pearson government's woes: the "60 days of decision" that ended with a disastrous budget, the involvement of two cabinet ministers in a bankruptcy, the linking of ministerial executive assistants with crime, the rise and fall of Justice Minister Guy Favreau, the so-called spy investigation and the Musciger case that mightily embarrassed Favreau's successor, Lucien Carlin. So it went, day after day, month after month.

Pearson writes of 1964: "I cannot remember a moment when we were not in difficulty, every kind of difficulty."

He must have looked back with nostalgia yearning to the good old days of 1958-1963, the years in opposition, which were, "in many ways the most productive and satisfying years of my political life."

"The allegations of bribery had wide ramifications"

Pearson has been criticised for allegedly giving shabby treatment to two good friends, Walter Gordon and Guy Favreau. In the memoirs, he has taken much space to explain his relations with his number one adviser and his chief Quebec lieutenant.

He deals at length with the allegations of bribery against an executive resigning in incident that had wide ramifications. When asked in the House of Commons about his knowledge of the affairs, Pearson said he had only just heard the details. That was late in November. But Guy Favreau insisted that he had told Pearson about it on an airplane flight from Charlottesville to Ottawa on September 5. Pearson recalled Fav-

reau having touched on the incident but had "no recollection of any names being mentioned or details given." He insisted he had received no further information on the matter, "written or oral, until two and a half months later." Nothing that happened in this period "distressed me more than the accusation that I had lied (to the House) to save myself at the expense of Mr. Favreau. He himself never held this view."

Pearson's relations with Walter Gordon were more complicated because Gordon was a long-time friend, a senior cabinet minister and the Prime Minister's chief political mentor. Pearson was certainly indebted to Gordon for the masterful reconstruction of the Liberal Party into a fighting force after the election debacle of 1958. But Gordon's political advice was not always sound: he persuaded the Prime Minister to call an unnecessary election in 1955, on the ground that the Liberals had to have a majority to govern effectively. However, the election left the Pearson government just about where it had been before.

Gordon resigned from the ministry as a result of the failure to produce a majority. That, Pearson says, "was a political decision, not based on any conflict over policy..." Then, the very beginning of 1967, Pearson, responding to pressure from "certain of the younger and more 'progressive' members in caucus", induced Gordon to return to the cabinet, this time as President of the Privy Council.

But, Pearson says, "the accommodation with Gordon did not work out as I had hoped." Gordon complained in no uncertain words that he had been unable to obtain the staff he needed in order to function as President of the Privy Council. Pearson's reply, 19 days later, was long, detailed, and not particularly conciliatory. Gordon remained a member of the cabinet ("I suspect he was increasingly restive", Pearson writes), until February 1968, when he resigned, just a few weeks before Pearson's own resignation as Prime Minister and Liberal leader. The parting was bitter, rumor had it that the long and warm friendship of the two men had cooled to little more than an amicable acquaintance.

Though members of the Parliamentary Press Gallery on a dull afternoon would chafe out a story on the reputed dislike, even hate, of Lester Pearson and John Diefenbaker

for each other, Pearson insists "there was never any problem in our personal relations...my differences with Diefenbaker were political and official..." Indeed, after the conservative triumph of 1958, Diefenbaker asked Pearson to suggest to him which of the Conservative M.P.s should be made his parliamentary assistant should he decide to be his own foreign minister.

So much went wrong in the Pearson years that the government's solid accomplishments — the distinctive national flag and the Canada Pension Plan are two that come readily to mind — can be easily overlooked; in fact, even the editors of this volume have overlooked a compilation of the Pearson achievements as an appendix. Another unfortunate lack is a comprehensive cross-referenced index, essential in a three-volume memoir.

"Too many times Pearson has to confess that he misjudged the competence of someone he had appointed to high office"

Those who liked, indeed admired, Mike Pearson (and this reviewer was one of them) may be saddened by the best story in this book. Too many times Pearson has to confess that he misjudged the competence of someone he had appointed to high office; too often he was given poor advice, and did not recognize that it was bad; too often he blamed others — the opposition or the media — for faults in his administration; too often he seemed to lack the capacity to be tough when, as the first minister in the governance of 20 million people, he should have been tough.

It's been said that nice guys finish last. Mike was one of the nicest of guys, and might be said to have finished somewhere in the middle. Maryon Pearson once asked her husband, "Why do they cheer you when they don't vote for you?" He gave no answer that's on record. But perhaps the best answer to that one is that the voting public had an intuitive feeling that Pearson lacked something a great Prime Minister must have.

His memoirs appear to indicate that Lester Bowles Pearson, a great human being, was a good but not a great Prime Minister.

Lawrence F. (Larry) Jones, who retired as editor of the Graduate Last June, was press secretary to Mr. Pearson from 1959 to 1961.

The Toronto General Hospital
1819-1965 A Chronicle.
By Dr. W.G. Cosbie, 348 pages,
Macmillan of Canada. \$9.95.

No teaspoon of sugar is needed to tell in this interesting history of medicine in Upper Canada.

The author, Dr. W.G. Cosbie, a retired staff surgeon, traces the hospital's history from the days when it was a frame building on King Street to its present site at University Avenue and College Street where it occupies one city block and employs 4,000 people.

The hospital's earliest struggles were against lack of money, blankets, and leeches. Cholera was the bane of the settlers' existence. Treatment and survival were by chance. Fresh cow's milk was given intravenously.

The boys of Upper Canada College, then located near the cholera sheds, wore amulets of camphor around their necks to ward off the disease. And often, the nostrum prescribed in the family's black doctoring book differed little from what the doctor had to offer.

We read that the early surgeon, in his black Prince Albert coat, would "park" his scalpel between his teeth

"Treatment and survival were by chance ..."



when he was not using it, and that he cared for his instruments "as a camper cares for his dishes". Many of the early doctors were British-trained. One surgeon, Dr. William Beaumont, a graduate of St. Bartholomew's Hospital in London, devised a continuous suture which was adopted by the Singer Sewing Machine Company.

The last operation performed at the hospital without anaesthesia was on Old Tom, the janitor, who was wounded at the Battle of Trafalgar and missing one leg. Old Tom "spent his time on the lawn under the trees with a long clay pipe in his mouth." When he developed cancer of the tongue, he refused anaesthesia for its removal. The day after the operation, he was seen once again smoking his pipe under the trees.

Dr. Cosbie has carefully documented the history of a great Canadian institution which now enjoys a close link with the University of Toronto, continues to host new discoveries, and is renowned for the Gallic training program for surgeons — the first of its kind in Canada.

R.S.

UNIVERSITY
OF
TORONTO

Graduate

Fall 1975

Volume 10, No. 1

Editor: Don Evans

Advisory Board: Mrs. E.J. (Lou) Pamenter, B.A. '62, *chairman*; Vincent Egan, B.A. '51, M.B.A. '55; J. Walter Giles, B.Sc.F. '48; Prof. Robertson Davies; Prof. Phyllis Grosskurth; *Ex-officio*: E.B.M. Pinnington, *Director, Alumni Affairs*; Elizabeth Wilson, *Director, Information Services*; The Editor.

Address correspondence to: Department of Information Services, University of Toronto, 45 Wilketts Street, Toronto, Ontario M5S 1A1. Telephone: (416) 928-2102.

The Graduate cannot be held responsible for returning unsolicited manuscripts, photographs or illustrations.

Advertising representatives: Alumni Media Limited, 124 Ava Road, Toronto, Ontario M6C 1W1. Telephone: (416) 781-6957.

Postage paid in cash at Third Class rates - Permit No. C-50.

New assistant director
of Alumni Affairs

Mrs. Mary Brown has been appointed Assistant Director of Alumni Affairs with specific responsibilities for Branch Liaison, Parents Programme and alumni committees related to these activities. Her main task will be to organize alumni branches in all major centres in Ontario and develop programs to inform alumni and parents of the University's needs. It is hoped to involve the 84 per cent of alumni in Ontario and parents of students in our two major concerns - financial support and the status of the University as the major institution of its kind in the province.

Nominations sought

Later this year, the Committee for Honorary Degrees will meet to consider candidates for the award of honorary degrees at the Spring and Fall Convocations, 1976.

Members of the alumni are invited to submit names of possible candidates along with a brief biographical description and an outline of reasons

for the nomination, to the Secretary of the Governing Council, Sincere Hall, University of Toronto.

Nomination forms may be obtained from the Office of the Governing Council. Nominations should be submitted as soon as possible, preferably no later than the end of November.

Bacularii culpa

Our apologies to any overseas readers who did not receive the last issue of the Graduate.

Delhi

Continued

Later, looking back on the trip, what struck me most strongly was that, once having seen the reality of an illusion, I had a new respect for the illusions we foster about reality, and how they can appear entirely real and necessary.

Death

From the houseboat you could see down the long curve of the river, the ghats scattered along the steep bank at intervals, denser in the middle distance where the main street disgorged its stream of pilgrims onto the holy steps. Just behind, 50 feet higher up at city-level, the temples ran along the skyline, some large and imposing, many little more than a doorway in the wall. Toward the far end of town, beyond the curve, small glints of fire and a trace of smoke rose from an empty space on the bank to mark the burning ghat.

Fortunately Indians do not bury the dead, for if they did, there would now be no room left for the living. Everywhere the Hindus cremate, although the Moslems practise burial. In Bodi-Gaya in the morning after breakfast, we often heard the rumble and chanting of a passing funeral procession. Usually the groups was a small one, a few of the family in black carrying the shrouded body on a stretcher at shoulder height, stepping along at a good pace to the beat of the drum. As they passed our place they would head off to the river and upstream out of sight, where they set the body on a small pile of logs (wood is precious and scarce) and burnt it. Only ashes remained when they were done, hardly even the charred end of a stick, perhaps if wood ran short the vultures cleaned up. They were always nearby: big, awkward, ugly birds on the ground, so different from their graceful appearance in flight.

I wandered down to the burning ghat one evening before darkness fell, carefully avoiding the sharp rocks in my bare feet and the occasional rat of sewage running down to the river. Past the ghats. Past the houseboats. Past the hawkers up on the street and a few big white fleshy tourists, fleshy

like the underbelly of a fish, draped with cameras. It was a bit apprehensive, because death is not for spectators. Tourists particularly are unwelcome. But it was mainly the cameras that they objected to, and I didn't have one then.

I squatted down by a row of Indians on a stone balcony running up from the bank beside the cremation grounds. There were eight places on the slope leading down to the river. Seven bodies were burning. One place was empty. The nearest was in full blaze, a body barely visible in the sheets of flame pouring out of the well-laid logs. Beyond, two or three more were at the early stage which throws out such a thick grey black smoke. A steady roar filled the space between the flickering faces of men and stone.

A small cluster of people carried a draped body down to the river for immersion, then brought it back up and laid it on the waiting pyre. They had some difficulty lighting it, but after a few attempts and a splash of kerosene the flames leapt up, licked the logs and the bodies and leapt up into a crackling roar. I moved up to a balcony near the street level after a while for a better view, but the smoke was pouring up there, greasy and black and acidic, that unmistakable smell, hair burning over a candle, the dentist's drill burning tooth, human flesh in the fire. I moved back down. A bare-chested old man, immaculate in a white dhoti and crowned with a fringe of white hair, wanted to talk. He spoke English and he told me his story.

The second fire down, the new one, was his wife. They lived in a Bihar village a hundred miles away and she had just died. They had married very young and had been together all of their lives. She had wanted to be cremated in Benares, the holiest city in India, and to have a piece of her remains thrown into the holy Ganges, as is done for everyone cremated there. How he had transported the body I do not know, but he had come to fulfil her last request. Only - he could not watch.

We sat and talked, and I kept watch for him, and saw her consumed, turned to heat and light and dust.

1976 ALUMNI BREAKAWAY TOURS

CUBA
from \$360*

End of January

A week of discovering Cuba: 5 nights beach resort; 2 nights Havana. Air transportation, sightseeing, all meals included. Two introductory evenings at Alumni House before departure with Professor Keith Ellis, Department of Hispanic Studies, U of T.

EAST AFRICAN SAFARI
\$2,775*

February 27-March 16

Wildlife and Natural History Adventure in Kenya and Tanzania. Elephant and giraffe, volcano and grassland, Nairobi, Serengeti, Ngongoro. All transportation, luxury accommodation, most meals included. Resource staff accompanying the safari: Dr. Rufus Churcher, ROM, and Department of Zoology, U of T.

BICENTENNIAL MEANDER
from \$450*

Late May 10 days

A leisurely luxury motorcoach tour of historic and scenic spots in the North Eastern U.S. designed and accompanied by an American History specialist from U of T, this spring tour will focus on the significant, and the beautiful.

*All prices quoted are based on international exchange rates, quoted land, sea and air fares as of August 1, 1975, and are therefore subject to change.

SUMMER SKI IN CHILE
from \$1,180*

Last 2 weeks in August

Portillo -- where our own Olympic Ski Team practised last August. 15 days. TORONTO/PORTILLO/TORONTO. Lifts and runs for experts, intermediates, beginners. Miles of cross country trails too. Cost includes air and ground transportation, accommodation, meals, 1 night stopover in Santiago.

BLACK SEA/GREEK ISLES
CRUISE
from \$1,248**

September 7-20

13 days round trip from Athens aboard the ROYAL VIKING SKY. Ports of call include Constanta, Odessa, Yalta, Istanbul, Mykonos, Rhodes, & Crete. Royal Viking Cruise facilities: incomparably luxurious, meticulous, thoughtful. Resource staff: Art/History specialist from U of T.

NATURALISTS' WEEKEND
from economy (to seasonality)

October 1-3

A weekend in the University of Toronto's own share of Ontario's forests and farmland with an expert naturalist who will make sure that tree, feather and footprint reveal their secrets. Great food, simple accommodation.

**plus air. (Airfares will depend upon the length of time spent in Athens/Europe before and after sailing.)

PLEASE SEND FURTHER DETAILS ON THE FOLLOWING

- | | |
|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> CUBA | <input type="checkbox"/> SUMMER SKI IN CHILE |
| <input type="checkbox"/> EAST AFRICAN SAFARI | <input type="checkbox"/> BLACK SEA/GREEK ISLES CRUISE |
| <input type="checkbox"/> BICENTENNIAL MEANDER | <input type="checkbox"/> NATURALISTS' WEEKEND |

Name _____

Address _____

Telephone _____

Clip and mail to: ALUMNI TRAVEL PROGRAM
Butterfield & Robinson Travel
Suite 1604, 330 Bay Street
Toronto, Ontario M5H 2S8
(416) 864-1354

Nominations requested

The Chairman of the Alumni College of Electors, Mrs. M.O. Pearce, has issued a call for nominations for a by-election to seat an alumni member of the Governing Council. The successful candidate will replace Gesta J. Abols, who has resigned, and serve the balance of his term which expires June 30, 1977.

The deadline for nominations is 12 noon, Friday, Oct. 31, 1975.

Candidates must be alumni of the University and not members of the teaching or administrative staffs nor students in the University. Candidates must be Canadian citizens.

Candidates or their nominators must send the following information to the Secretary, College of Electors, Room 106, Simcoe Hall, University of Toronto to be received by 12 noon, Oct. 31, 1975.

1. Candidate's name (maiden name if applicable); year of graduation or years of attendance; college, faculty or school; address and telephone number.

2. The signatures of 10 nominators who must be University alumni supporting the candidate. Nominators must supply names (maiden name); year of graduation or years of attendance; college, faculty or school; and address or telephone number.

3. The candidate's written consent to stand for election, over his or her signature.

4. A biographical sketch of the candidate.

Further details can be obtained from the Secretary of the College of Electors at the above address or telephone 928-6576.

Maurice F. Strong to speak

Maurice F. Strong, Director of the United Nations Environment Program, will be guest lecturer on Nov. 13 at 8 p.m. in Convocation Hall. His topic will be "The New International Economic Order: Canada's Responsibility."

This is the second of the two Marfleet-Falconer Lectures. The first, on Sept. 24, was "Politics and Responsibility of the North American Bread Basket," by Lester R. Brown.

Strong, born in Manitoba, directed the Canadian Government's foreign aid program prior to joining the U.N. in 1971. He organized the first world conference on the Human Environment in Stockholm in 1972, and now has his headquarters in Nairobi.

The lectures are part of a continuing effort to involve the University in broad social issues. There are plans for other related events, including a seminar in November.

"We are focusing on the world food crisis as one of our major concerns," says President John Evans.

!KUNG Continued

hoof, at least four pounds of meat for every one of the 150 persons expected to attend." In spite of his generosity, the !Kung continued to insult him with, "Do you expect us to eat that old bag of bones? What do you expect us to eat of it, the horns, or are we to make a soup?" By the time the feast was ready, Lee was convinced that serious fighting might break out. But on the feast day, the feast proved more than adequate. The dance was successful. Everyone was happy. Why the insults? Lee finally found out from a !Kung spokesman that it is their custom to belittle a gift or the game brought home from the hunt — even when it is to be shared with the entire group. "When a young man kills much meat, he comes to think of himself as a chief or a big man. He thinks of the rest of us as his servants or his inferiors. We do not accept this. We refuse one who boasts, for some day his pride might make him kill somebody. So we speak of his gift as being worthless. In this way we cool his heart and made him gentle." That the !Kung people could confound the sophisticated professor would seem to augur well for their survival.

Understandably, in their years of living with the !Kung, Lee and other investigators have developed more than a scientific interest in a people who have shown the world that they have mastered the Malthusian dilemma of survival and who now, through lack of literacy and legal aid, are losing their territories to economic development.

Richard Lee and the research group came to know and care about helping the !Kung preserve their threatened land base. To enhance the !Kung's chances of cultural survival, the researchers have established the Kalahan People's Fund in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Special Group Offer on

THE *new* ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA
a revolutionary new Home Learning Center



An important announcement for the U of T Alumni

ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA offer to members an opportunity to obtain the new ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA at a reduced price, a price considerably below the normal retail price available to any individual. You will also receive as a special bonus, your choice of additional educational materials.

The new ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA — now expanded to 30 volumes — is not just a new edition . . . but a completely new encyclopedia which outmoded all other encyclopedias. Never before has so much knowledge, so readily accessible, so easily understood — been made available as a complete home library.

The new edition of Britannica is reorganized to better serve the three basic needs for an encyclopedia. First, the need to "LOOK IT UP" is handled by the Ready Reference and the Index. These ten volumes are a complete index to everything in the set. At the same time, they serve as a 12-million word short entry encyclopedia that is helpful to look up accurate information quickly.

Second, the need for "KNOWLEDGE IN DEPTH" is fulfilled by the main text, a 28-million word, 19 volume collection of articles arranged logically which provide full and authoritative information for the student, for research in business, or for new insights into new fields of knowledge.

Third, the need for "SELF EDUCATION" is met by the Outline of Knowledge and Guide to Britannica, a unique volume which acts as a giant study guide, more comprehensive and more detailed than a college course outline.

The new ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA is more useful in more ways to more people.

This offer is available for a limited time only, and may be withdrawn without further notice.

Britannica 3

- more useful in more ways to more people.

FILL IN THIS
COUPON AND
MAIL TODAY TO:

Britannica Special Group Offer,
2 Bloor Street West, Suite 1100
Toronto, Ontario M4W 3J1

THE *new* ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA
a revolutionary new Home Learning Center

SPECIAL GROUP OFFER CERTIFICATE

Gentlemen: I would like to receive your colourful booklet which pictures and describes the All-New ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA (Now in 30 volumes), and complete details on how I may obtain this revolutionary Home Learning Centre, direct from the Publishers on this Special Offer.

Name _____ (please print)

Address _____ Apt _____

City _____ Province _____

Postal Code _____ Phone _____

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO ALUMNI

FILL IN
AND
MAIL
TODAY

"My dear Andrea..."

Continued

for if you have sent only the first and second casks, neither of them is lost. I sent back the first and, unless I am mistaken, received it back again with your last letter. Talk of my carrier! What if you had seen my book-chests, battered on all sides? What would you have said if you had heard his trumped-up story about the horse? And that bald-headed rascal never how in sight here. I declare: it is folly to expect a single act of human decency from these monsters.

Bullock returns your greetings, and is enormously pleased at having them. If you ever meet More, ask whether he has delivered my letter to the archbishop and whether he himself has sent me any communication, either from himself or from others. Farewell, best of friends.

London, 18 November 1511

ANDREA AMMONIO TO ERASMUS, HIS DESIRED DESIDERIUS

Your carrier had already left when John More brought me your letter without any letter to Mountjoy, and so I must wait for those sound-dre's return, or else for some chance that may bring me a letter to when to give this letter. I understand you have at long last received the cask with the seal broken, and half-empty, and not by any means free; for I think you bought dear at sixpence that flat stuff, all that those ruffians had left you, and moreover I know how that bald-headed fellow has got into the habit of playing tricks. But you are right to give me a warning that no act of human decency is to be expected of these monsters. I must say, if Socrates himself had had a brush with that kind of brute, even he

would never have been able to keep unvarying patience or good countenance.

I have heard from Linacre that your friend the archbishop has decided to give you financial help and is looking for a place to serve as a reliable base for your support. If this is so, it will cut down your complaints. But if you have any left, pour them into your friend's lap, and you will get them back with interest; for I think you are lucky compared with me. You see you have gained what you were after, consummate learning, a name supremely famous wherever eloquence in the Roman tongue extends, and finally immortality, while I have chased after Fortune even to Britain's farthest shore and never been able to overtake her; for she continually recedes further away from me, nay, frightens me still more.

I should like you to give Bullock once more my warmest greetings, since he so much appreciates them. About the best turn you can do me is to take every possible care to stay in excellent health.

Cambridge, 9 December 1511

ERASMUS OF ROTTERDAM TO HIS FRIEND AMMONIO

You want my advice about making the best of what we have. Very well then; I will act the sow teaching Minerva without playing philosopher too much, which you will not allow. To begin with, put a bold face on everything to avoid ever feeling shame. Next, intrude in all the affairs of everyone; elbow people out of the way whenever possible. Do not love or hate anyone sincerely, but measure everything by your own advantage; let your whole course of behaviour be directed to this one goal. Give nothing unless you look for a return, and agree with everyone about everything.

But, you say, there is nothing special about all this. Come then, here is a piece of advice just made to order for you, since you wish it; but, mind you, I whisper it confidentially. You are familiar with the British jealousy; use it for your own profit. Always sit on two stools at once; bribe different suitors to cultivate you. Threaten to go away, and actually get ready to go. Flourish letters in which you are tempted away by generous promises. Sometimes remove your presence deliberately in order that, when your society is denied them, they may feel the need of you all the more keenly.

Farewell, my dear Ammonio.

London, 25 November 1513

ANDREA AMMONIO TO DESIDERIUS ERASMUS

Three letters from you have reached me – not even the time when the Frenchman ran away. I answered the first in the language of the camp. I do not know whether you got this letter. As for the last letter, delivered to me, as it was, just before I left France – that is, when we were going home to acknowledge the cheers – I sent no reply, but I did as you told me. I took pains to recommend you to the abbot of St. Bertin, and read out to him that long list of yours, enumerating your good friends in his service. It was marvellous how he brightened up at once when

your name was mentioned. Really he was like a widowed mother who hears news of her young son abroad.

As soon as I touched English soil I began to enquire into your whereabouts, since you had written to say that you were running away from the Cambridge plague. Eventually Sixtus, and he alone, told me that you had indeed left Cambridge because of the plague and withdrawn somewhere or other; but that, since you were in difficulties, he said, because of a shortage of wine and you thought the want of that worse than the plague, you had gone back to Cambridge and now were there. Ah, what a mighty companion in arms of Bassareus thou art, who has refused to desert thy captain in direst danger! Wherefore I send thee from thy great commander's hand a gift, a bowl of Cretan wine; that very wine which Jupiter, while nursed as a baby in the island, passed from his baby penis – a mysterious product of milk and nectar! If you repair swiftly to my house in London you shall be privileged to drink far ampler draughts of it.

Farewell, dear Erasmus, and love me as you do.

Hammes Castle, 8 July 1514

ERASHUS TO ANDREA AMMONIO, SECRETARY TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF ENGLAND

I called at your house more than once in order to bid a last farewell to the best of all my friends, and at the same time to enjoy your company as long as I could, for I can scarcely think of anything in my life that has given me greater pleasure. The crossing was a very good one, but distressing all the same, at least for me. True the sea was calm, the winds favourable, the weather glorious, and the hour of sailing most convenient. We weighed anchor in fact at about one o'clock. But those plagues had transferred the portmanteau, crammed with my writings, to another vessel. They make a habit of doing this deliberately, in order to steal something, if they can; and if not, then to extract a few pieces of money and sell you back your own property. Accordingly, believing that several years' work was lost, I was afflicted by a degree of anguish as keen, I think, as any parent would suffer upon the death of his children. And of course in everything else, too, they treat foreign visitors so badly that it would be better to fall into any Turk's hands than theirs. I often wonder to myself that such drops of mankind are tolerated by the English government, to the great annoyance of visitors, and the vast discredit of the whole island when each visitor recounts at home what an uncivil reception he got, and other nations judge the whole people by what those robbers do.

If Fortune answers my hopes and other men's promises, I shall hasten back. If not, I shall do what seems best in the circumstances. May almighty God grant that I may return to England safe and sound, to find my dear Ammonio not only safe but enriched with all that Fortune can offer. If you ever have a chance to promote the interests of your friend Erasmus, I am sure you will treat him as well in his absence as you have always done hitherto whether he was present or absent. Farewell, best of friends.

Second Careers for Women

Going back to work
when you've been away

A series of 10 weekly lecture-discussions for alumnae considering a return to the work force. Course includes such topics as identifying needs, assessing qualifications and skills, facing family responsibilities, interest testing, decision making and locating and securing a suitable job.

Co-sponsors: University of Toronto Career Counselling and Placement Centre

Continuing Education Committee
University of Toronto Alumni Association

Department of Alumni Affairs, University of Toronto

Fee: \$40.00 for 10 weekly two-hour sessions

Dates: Every Wednesday from January 7, 1976 to March 10, 1976 (inclusive)

Time: 9:30 a.m. to 11:30 a.m.

To ensure individual participation, enrolment will be restricted. Interested alumnae are urged to register by Friday, December 5, 1975. To enrol, fill out and return the tear-off registration form to:

"Second Careers for Women"
Alumni House
47 Wilcocks Street
TORONTO, Ontario
M5S 1A1

You will be notified of acceptance.

I ENCLOSE CASH/MONEY ORDER/CHEQUE IN THE AMOUNT OF \$40.00 PLEASE ENROLL ME IN THE "SECOND CAREERS FOR WOMEN" PROGRAMME.

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

PHONE: _____

CLASS OF: _____

HOMECOMING

U of T vs Ottawa-October 18-2 pm

JUDGING OF FLOAT PARADE, FRONT CAMPUS • 11 am

BRUNCH & CASH BAR, HART HOUSE • 11:30 am - 1:30 pm

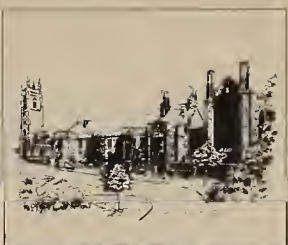
CAMPUS BUS TOURS • 11 am - 2 pm

FILMS IN HART HOUSE • 11 am - 2 pm

DANCE IN THE GREAT HALL • 8 pm

TICKETS: Alumni House, 47 Wilcocks St. (416) 928-2367

All alumni welcome - bring the family!



THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

A Commemorative Issue

After repeated requests, the Heritage Collection will release a special University of Toronto Commemorative Issue from its collection of original Canadian sketches. This Commemorative Issue is the work of R. Bruce Walker. Prints may be ordered individually or in sets of seven as shown. Each print measures 15 x 12 inches and has been beautifully reproduced with black ink on white leatherette cover stock. This is a limited edition and is available only through the Heritage Collection offices at the address below.

COMMEMORATIVE ISSUE ORDER FORM

I wish to order _____ sets and enclose 24.95 plus 1.25 Prov. Sales Tax (26.20) per set
 I wish to order: _____ Victoria College Prints; _____ University College Prints;
 _____ St. Michael College Prints; _____ Trinity College Prints;
 _____ Convocation Hall Prints; _____ Hart House Prints;
 _____ Old Library Prints and enclose 5.95 + .30 Prov. Sales Tax (6.25) per print.
 Please charge this to my chargex account number _____

Name _____

Address _____

Postal Code _____ Signature: _____

Mail to: The Heritage Collection, 324 Prince Edward Drive, Toronto, Ontario M8Y 3Z5

In praise of pillars and porches

The St. George campus offers infinite variety in its architecture, especially today when many of its departments are housed in erstwhile private residences.

Thus, in addition to several dozen pillars imitative of Grecian grandeur, it also features a proscenium of porches, gingerbread-trimmed and echoing to the footfall of staff and student.

Powerful pillars distinguish the Lillian Massey Building on the south-east corner of Bloor Street and Avenue Road, home of the Faculty of Food Sciences. The Ionic pillars and doorway are reproduced from a temple that stands beside the Parthenon in the Acropolis.

Flavelle House, on the northwest corner of Queen's Park and now home to the Faculty of Law Library, as well as to offices and lecture rooms, is graced by pillars front and back. It was called "Holwood House" when it was the home of the late Sir Joseph Flavelle, a founding father of the Toronto General Hospital. The Corinthian pillars at the rear of the house flank the valley of what was once Taddle Creek and is now the tree-lined footpath called "Philosopher's Walk".

Although many interesting University porches are on the west side of the campus, bordering on the Annex, a few in the bowl of Queen's Park Crescent and were the homes of 19th century Toronto's elite.

Within the fastness of 39 Queen's Park Crescent East is the Centre of Medieval Studies. Its porch is wide and generously laced with the sort of gingerbread trim that once was bought from Eaton's by the foot or yard.

The house used to be the residence of Sir Thomas White who was born in a log cabin in Bronte in 1866, who graduated from the University in 1895, and who is to be thanked for Canada's Income Tax Law, introduced in 1917 as a temporary measure.

Cumberland House, the 33-roomed mansion at 33 St. George Street, has both pillars and porch. It was built as a family residence in 1866 by F.W. Cumberland, architect of University College, Osgoode Hall and St. John's Cathedral. It is now the International Students' Centre. What one sees from St. George Street

is the rear verandah of the house as well as an expansive garden. The elegant, solid porch, complete with small pillars, is on the side of King's College Circle and is somewhat hidden from easy view by more recent construction.

Once upon a time, porches were half-way havens for toddlers, lovers in lounge-swags, the old in rockers. A porch's friendly, wooden hollow-ness echoed to footfalls crunching in hard snow, to the laughter of the young, to the waxy Gatsby music from the old Victrola with the great black speaker. It echoed to the gentle courtesies of "Good Morning" and "Good Evening".

Nowadays, still very much in use, our porches, with their olden-times ambience, provoke the Canadian courtesies of the mid-seventies, "Take care," and "Have a nice day!" and "See you..."



Flavelle House



Lillian Massey Building



Cumberland House



Centre for Medieval Studies

COMING EVENTS

15

Listings by Anne Stockwood

OCTOBER

- To October 19 "DESTINY" McLaughlin Planetarium Theatre of the Stars.
- To October 31 "LASERIUM" Light and sound show in the McLaughlin Planetarium. 4.15, 8.45 and 10 p.m.
- October 1, 2, 3 HART HOUSE ORIENTATION DAYS. Formation of clubs and committees.
- October 2 - 16 FACULTY/STAFF ART EXHIBITION. Scarborough College Meeting Place.
- October 2 - 17 BLAKE MILLAR, ARCHITECT. EXHIBITION OF SKETCHES AND BUILDINGS. Departments of Architecture and Landscape Architecture, 230 College St. 9 a.m. - 6 p.m. weekdays.
- October 6 - 10 1st INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF CHILLO NEUROLOGY. Four Seasons Sheraton Hotel. For information call Dr. E.B. Hendricks, Hospital for Sick Children.
- October 7 - 14 ANIMALS IN ART - Major exhibition of wildlife art. Royal Ontario Museum. Admission \$1 plus Museum admission of 50 cents.
- Tuesday, Oct. 7 LECTURE BY ROGER TORY PETERSON. Renowned Bird artist. Royal Ontario Museum Theatre. 5.30 p.m. Free with Museum admission.
- Thursday, Oct. 9 A THANKS GIVING BENEFIT FOR INNIS COLLEGE'S NEW BUILDING. Musical groups, street dancing, auction, barbecue. 2 Sussex Ave. 5 - 9 p.m.
- MUSICIANS AND DANCERS OF THE BURMESE NATIONAL THEATRE. MacMillan Theatre, Edward Johnson Building. 8.30 p.m. Tickets: \$5 Students and senior citizens: \$2.50.
- October 9 - 18 THREE HOURS AFTER MARRIAGE - by Arbuthnot, Gay and Pope. A satirical farce set in Hogarth's London. Hart House Theatre. 8.30 p.m. Tickets: \$3 students \$1.50. For reservations call 928-8668.
- Friday, Oct. 10 FOOTBALL: UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO V. YORK UNIVERSITY. Varsity Stadium. 8 p.m. Tickets: \$3.50 Boxes: \$4 students: \$1.
- Tuesday, Oct. 14 LECTURE-DEMONSTRATION OF THE ORGAN WORKS OF BACH, by Dr. Peter Williams, Edinburgh University. Walter Hall, Edward Johnson Building. 8 p.m. Free.
- Wednesday, Oct. 15 CONCERT BY THE METRO STOMPERS. Scarborough College Meeting Place. 12.15 - 12.45 and 1.15 - 1.45 p.m. Free.
- Thursday, Oct. 16 AUCTION SALE, SPONSORED BY THE SIXTIES, FOR THE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE RESTORATION FUND. University College West Hall. 8 p.m. Cash bar 6 - 7.45 p.m.
- PREVIEW October 15 from 3 - 8 p.m.
- THURSOAY SCHOLARSHIP SERIES: Lorand Fenyes, violin; Vladimir Orloff, cello; Patricia Parr, piano. Walter Hall, Edward Johnson Building. 8.30 p.m. Tickets: \$4 students and senior citizens: \$2.
- Saturday, Oct. 18 FALL HOMECOMING: bus tours and films of U of T; float parade (11 a.m.); Brunch and bar at Hart House; Once at Hart House (8 p.m.) For further information call Alumni House: 928-2367.
- FOOTBALL: UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO V. UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA. Varsity Stadium. 2 p.m. Tickets: \$3.50 boxes: \$4 students: \$1.
- Sunday, Oct. 19 UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO CONCERT BANO. Conductor: Stephen Chenette. MacMillan Theatre, Edward Johnson Building. 3 p.m. Free.
- STRATFORD ENSEMBLE, Erindale College Meeting Place. 3 p.m. Free.
- CAMARATA VOCALE. Five voice ensemble on tour from their native Germany singing madrigals, chansons and volkslieder. Scarborough College Meeting Place. 3.30 p.m. Free.
- October 19 - 25 DECENTENNIAL CELEBRATIONS. Archival Exhibition. Scarborough College.
- Oct. 14 - Dec. 9 BISHOP WHITE LECTURE SERIES. Royal Ontario Museum Far Eastern Library. For further information call 928-4972.
- Tuesday, Oct. 21 OECENTENNIAL LECTURE. Scarborough College Meeting Place. 7 - 8.30 p.m.
- Wednesday, Oct. 22 THEATRE PRODUCTION. Scarborough College Meeting Place. 12 noon and 7.30 p.m.
- October 23 - 31 WORK-IN-PROGRESS. Exhibition of current student work in Department of Architecture. 230 College St. 9 a.m. - 6 p.m. weekdays.

October 23, 24, 25

Saturday, Oct. 25

Oct. 26 - Nov. 1

NOVEMBER

Saturday, Nov. 1

Sunday, Nov. 2

Monday, Nov. 3

Wednesday, Nov. 5

Nov. 5 - Dec. 3

Thursday, Nov. 6

November 6 - 21

Saturday, Nov. 8

Sunday, Nov. 9

November 12 and 19

Thursday, Nov. 13

ONSTIRY CENTENNIAL HOMECOMING

WEEKEND. Thursday and Friday: All-star Centanics; Friday: Alumni Oay at the Faculty; Saturday: Banquet and 1875 Ball at Harbour Castle Hotel. Roy G. Ellis Centennial Lecture.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA. Conductor: Victor Feldbrill. MacMillan Theatre, Edward Johnson Building. 8.30 p.m. Tickets \$2 students and senior citizens: \$1.

INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF POETRY.

Hart House. Oily at noon - readings by local poets; daily at 2 p.m. - discussions; afternoons at 4 p.m. and evenings at 7.30 p.m. - major readings.

LECTURE BY ELTON LENT, New President of the Royal Canadian Institute. Convocation Hall. 8.15 p.m. Free.

CONCERT BY ANTON KUERTI, pianist. Scarborough College Meeting Place. 3.30 p.m. Free.

HART HOUSE DINNER FOR THE PRESENTATION OF ALUMNI FACULTY AWARD TO PROF. HORACE KREVER, the first recipient of the award.

"AFTER RETIREMENT" a workshop for retired and about to be retired alumni. Hart House. 9.15 a.m. - 4 p.m. \$6 (including lunch).

"CURATOR'S CAREER". Lecture series in the Textile Gallery of the Royal Ontario Museum. Wednesdays, 11 a.m. - 2.30 for 5 lecture course.

TORONTO-LONDON ONSTIRY CENTENNIAL FACULTY OAY. At University of Western Ontario. Wesley J. Ounn Centennial Lecture. 9 a.m. - 5 p.m.

ALUMNAE CLINICAL DAY: A family affair. Sponsored by Faculty of Nursing and Nursing Alumni Association. Obates Room, Hart House. 9.30 a.m. - 4.30 p.m.

EXHIBITION by Ian Reeves, photographer and Noreen Tomlinson, graphic artist. Departments of Architecture and Landscape Architecture. 230 College St. 9 a.m. - 6 p.m. weekdays.

LECTURE ON SOLAR ENERGY by Oonald Urquhart of Corning Glass, N.Y. Royal Canadian Institute Lecture. Convocation Hall. 8.15 p.m. Free.

HUGGETT FAMILY. Renaissance singing, playing and dancing. Erindale College Meeting Place. 3 p.m. Free.

"LITURGICAL RENEWAL: Past, Present and Future." Lecture by Father F.A. Mikolozay, Carr Auditorium, St. Michael's University. 8 p.m. Free.

MARFLEET-FALCONER LECTURE: Maurice Strong: "The New International Economic Order: Canada's Responsibility." Convocation Hall. 8 p.m. Free.

THURSOAY EVENING SERIES: Gabrieli String Quartet. Walter Hall, Edward Johnson Building. 8.30 p.m. Tickets \$5 students and senior citizens: \$2.50.

Continued overleaf



GREAT BLUE HERON. Painting by J.F. Lansdowne from the Exhibition "Animals in Art" to be held at the ROM from Oct. 7 to Dec. 14

COMING EVENTS *Continued*

Thursday, Nov. 13 **SOPHIE BDDY MEMORIAL LECTURE.** Professor Ronald Price, Faculty of Law, Queen's University, Medical Sciences Building, Auditorium. 8 p.m.

Saturday, Nov. 15 **LIFE AND DEATH OF THE SEAL.** Lecture by Prof. K. Ronald, Guelph University. Royal Canadian Institute Lecture. Convocation Hall. 8.15 p.m. Free.

November 17-20 **LARKIN-STUART LECTURES:** Dr. Paul Lehman, Professor of Theology and Ethics, Union Theological Seminary, Richmond, Virginia, Seeley Hall, Trinity College. 8.30 p.m. Free.

November 20-29 **"CALIGULA",** by Albert Camus. Hart House Theatre. 8.30 p.m. Tickets \$3. students \$1.50.

Saturday, Nov. 22 **"CHANGING CLIMATE AND WORLD AFFAIRS".** Lecture by Prof. Kenneth Hare. Royal Canadian Institute Lecture. Convocation Hall. 8.15 p.m. Free.

Sunday, Nov. 23 **20th ANNIVERSARY OF THE CONSECRATION OF TRINITY COLLEGE CHAPEL.** 9.30 a.m. Sung Eucharist. Preacher: The Most Reverend William Wright.

U of T CONCERT BAND. Conductor: Stephen Chenette. MacMillan Theatre, Edward Johnson Building. 8.30 p.m.

Tuesday, Nov. 25 **BILL BRIDGES QUINTET:** Progressive Jazz. Scarborough College Meeting Place. 12.15-12.45 and 1.15-1.45 p.m. Free.

Saturday, Nov. 29 **ROYAL CANADIAN INSTITUTE LECTURE.** Dr. Gerald Hart, Department of Haematology, Toronto East General Hospital. Convocation Hall. 8.15 p.m. Free.

Sunday, Nov. 30 **THE CLASSICAL ARABIC QUINTET.** Traditional and modern Arabic music. Scarborough College Meeting Place. 3.30 p.m. Free.

DECEMBER

Thursday, Dec. 4 **VIOLIN CONCERT** by Andrew Dawes. Walter Hall, Edward Johnson Building. 8.30 p.m. \$4. students \$2.

GORDON NIKIFORUK CENTENNIAL LECTURE. Cross-Canada Centennial Symposium. Faculty of Dentistry. 9 a.m.-5 p.m.

Friday, Dec. 5 **ENRDLMENT DATE FOR "SECOND CAREERS FOR WOMEN",** a series of 10 weekly lecture-discussions. U.C. Women's Union. 79 St. George St. Wednesdays, 9.30 a.m.-1.30 p.m. Call 928-8990.

Saturday, Dec. 6 **"CHARLES DARWIN: WHO HE WAS AND WHAT HE DID".** Royal Canadian Institute Lecture by Dr. Wm.E. Swinton, Professor Emeritus, Department of Geography, and Senior Fellow of Massey College. Convocation Hall. 8.15 p.m. Free.

Sunday, Dec. 7 **U of T CONCERT CHOIR.** Erindale College Meeting Place. 3 p.m. Free.

U of T CONCERT CHOIR. Conductor: Charles Hofferma. Walter Hall, Edward Johnson Building. 3 p.m. Free.

Sunday, Dec. 14 **KITCHENER BACH CHOIR.** Conductor: Howard Dyck. Music for the Christmas season. Scarborough College Meeting Place. 3.30 p.m. Free.

December 17-19 **OPERA EXCERPTS.** MacMillan Theatre, Edward Johnson Building. 8 p.m. Free.

Graduate logo by Willem Hart, Partners in Print

Layout and design by Doris Adler



Department of Information Services,
University of Toronto,
Toronto, Ontario, Canada, M5S 1A1



Published October 7, 1975